THE BLOOMFIELD RECORD.

THE ONLY PAPER PUBLISHED IN BLOOMFIELD.

Contains each week full reports of all occurrences taking place in Bloomfield; complete description of all local projects undertaken; editorials urging the claims of matters of interest to the town; a summary of the news of the week and a carefully selected miscellany of reading matter.

THE RECORD is the sole paper issued in Bloomfield. Very many of those on its subscription list buy largely in New York and Newark. Its value as an advertising medium must therefore be apparent.

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EDITOR OF THE RECORD,
BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

M. H. CLARK, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Bloomfield Record.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., OCT. 9, 1880.

IMMENSE WHEAT-PRODUCTION.

Minnesota, although now claiming to be the greatest wheat-producing State in the country, surpassing with the 40,000,000 bushels of this year's crops the highest mark of California, heretofore the heaviest wheat-producing State, is prepared to see the banner pass farther westward and northward, into Dakota. A well-informed writer on this subject, in a letter from St. Paul, declares that the comparatively small farms of Minnesota, which are themselves monstrous in size, according to the standards of past generations of agriculturists, cannot begin to hold their own in rivalry with the great wheat tracts planted and reaped by wholesale in the James River Valley and about the headwaters of the Red River of the North. These Red River farms are operated by corporations, employing regiments of men, worked and fed with the discipline of an army, and transported from tract to tract by the carload from the elevators of the owners. The land is not only cheap, but is four times as fertile as the most fertile lands in Minnesota, and rewards at that rate the most careless cultivation. Five hundred thousand acres of wheat land have been brought into cultivation within two or three years. Under such corporate competition on the frontiers of the Northwest, the individual farmer on older lands is overslaughed and discouraged. Although for years he may have been forced to accept only what the railroads transporting his grain calculated to be enough to keep him at his hard life, they gobbling the rest in charges, his chance was not so slender as it has become since the corporations themselves took to farming on these wonderful lands. The same unequaled wheat soil and climate extends far north into British possessions, so there are English capitalists who fancy they see the great wheat supply of the world in the future, pouring out from Hudson Bay. Five new railroad lines have been built up into the Dakota wheat region, and British territory within a year or two, and the Northern Pacific is pushing a branch line due north to compete in the race for the fabulous wealth in the wheat lands still unopened beyond the British line.—*Boston Transcript.*

A GRAND BUFFALO RIDE.

Capt. Mayne Reid gives the following account of one of his adventures in Northern Mexico. In camping out with a party of hunters he was suddenly surprised at night by the rush of a the plain, the denouement of which is thus described:

I sprang to my feet, flinging aside my blanket. A fearful spectacle was before me. Away to the west as far as the eye could reach, the prairie seemed in motion. Black waves rolled over the undulating outlines as though some burning mountain was pouring down its lava upon the plains. A thousand bright spots flashed and flitted along the moving surface like jets of fire. The ground shook, men shouted, horses reared upon their ropes, neighing wildly. My dog barked and howled, running around me.

For a moment I thought I was dreaming; but no, the scene was too real to be mistaken for a vision. I saw the border of the black wave within ten paces of me, and still approaching. Then, and not till then, did I recognize the shaggy crests and glaring eyes of the buffalo.

"God of heaven! I am in their track! I shall be trampled to death!"

It was too late to attempt an escape by running. I seized my rifle and fired at the foremost of the band. The effect of my shot was not perceptible. The water of the arroyo was dashed in my face. A huge bull, ahead of the rest, furious and snorting, plunged through the stream and up the slope. I was lifted and tossed high into the air. I was thrown rearwards and fell upon a moving mass. I did not feel hurt or stunned. I felt myself carried onward upon the backs of several animals, that in the dense drove ran close together. These, frightened at the strange burden, bellowed loudly and dashed on to the front. A sudden thought struck me, and fixing on that which was most under me, I dropped my legs aside of him, embracing his hump, and clutching the long, wooly hair that grew upon his neck. The animal "routed" with extreme terror, and plunging forward soon headed the band.

This was exactly what I wanted; and on we went over the prairie, the bull running at top speed, believing, no doubt that he had a panther or a catamount between his shoulders.

I had no desire to disabuse him of this belief; and lest he should deem me altogether harmless and come to a halt, I slipped out my bowie knife, which happened to be handy, and pricked him up whenever he showed symptoms of lagging. At every first touch of the 'spur' he roared out and ran forward at a redoubled pace.

My danger was still extreme. The drove was coming on behind, with a front of nearly a mile. I could not have cleared it had the bull stopped and left me on the prairie.

Notwithstanding the peril I was in I could not resist laughing at my own ludicrous situation; I felt as one when looking at a good comedy. We struck through a village of "prairie dogs." Here I fancied the animal was about to turn and come back. This brought my mirth to a sudden pause; but the buffalo generally runs in a bee line, and fortunately mine made no exception to the rule. On he went, sinking to his knees, kicking the dust from the conical hills, snorting and bellowing with rage and terror.

The "Plum buttes" were directly in line of our course. I had seen this from the start, and knew that if I could reach them I was safe. They were nearly three miles from the bluff where we had bivouacked; but in my ride I fancied them ten.

A small one rose over the prairie, several hundred yards nearer than the main heights. T wards this I pricked the foaming bull in a last stretch; and he brought me cleverly within a hundred yards of its base.

It was now time to take leave of my dusky companion. I could have slaughtered him as I leaned over his back. My knife rested upon the most vulnerable part of of his huge body. No, I would not have slain that buffalo for the Koh-i-noor.

Untwisting my fingers from his thick fleece, I slipped down over his tail, and, without as much as saying "Good-night" ran with all my speed towards the knoll. I climbed up, and, sitting down upon a loose boulder of rocks, looked out over the prairie.

The moon was still shining brightly. My late companion had halted not far from where I had left him, and stood glaring back with a look of extreme bewilderment. There was something so comical in the sight that I yelled with laughter as I sat securely on my perch.

ADAM EXPRESSES HIMSELF.

"I made up my mind," said the reporter, "that if the ghost ever appeared in my bedroom again, I would overcome my fears and speak to it, instead of burying my head under the covers, as I did the first time. Well, sir, sure enough, the next night exactly at twelve, I heard a faint noise by the bed, and I looked around. There sat the spectre in a chair. I sat right up and said with some firmness, although my voice trembled:

"'Who are you?'"

"I am nobody in particular now," said the ghost; "but I was Adam."

"Adam who?"

"Had no family name. There was but one family of us, and they all knew me. I was the first man, you know. You must have heard of me."

"Yes, indeed," said the reporter.

"I'm sorry I can't shake hands," said the ghost, "but you might as well try to shake hands with a fog-bank as with me. It's not sociable, I know, but I can't help it."

"Oh, never mind," said the reporter; "I'm glad to see you, all the same."

"Your name is Johnson, isn't it?" asked the spectre.

"No, my name is Jackson," replied the reporter.

"Pshaw!" said the ghost. "I was looking for a man named Johnson; but my eyesight is so bad that I couldn't read your door-plate distinctly. The worst of it is, too, I can't wear spectacles; nothing substantial enough to hitch them to. I wish some of you people would invent an eyeglass that can be worn by near-sighted ghosts. You'd confer a genuine benefaction on the folks in the other world."

"What was your busines with Johnson? Perhaps I can—"

"Well, in the first place, I understand that he is one of a committee appointed to get up a statue of me for the city of Elmira. I have been in to see that statue, and I want to ask Johnson where he got the idea that I used to wear a straw hat and side-whiskers. I want to know also what authoriety he has for giving me a Roman nose."

"Hadn't you one of that kind?"

"Why, man, the Roman hadn't introduced that variety of nose in my time! and Johnson has had me represented with a huge serpent lying at my feet. Now what was the use of dragging up painful reminiscence of that kind? Why not let the matter drop? Hanged if I like it!"

"It's an outrage!"

"Between ourselves," said the spectre, locking his misty fingers over his knees, "I don't think much of the statue business anyhow. Do marble, they bought up a second-handed statue of Benjamin Franklin at auction, and hired a man to work it over into me! Doesn't look a particle like me! And, anyhow, Franklin was no kind of a man to make me out of. Greenbacker, or something, wasn't he?"

"We consider him quite respectable."

"Another thing I wanted with Johnson was to see if I can't make arrangements with some reliable Spiritualist medium. I've been crowded out in the cold for about 4,000 years, with no chance to participate in anything. Now I'm the man that started this world. I give it a send-off, and it really does seem hard that I can't even express my views in a newspaper, or defend myself from calumny just because I happen to be dead; now doesn't it?"

"Very hard. But we didn't know you took an interest in such things."

"Certainly. I often feel as if I'd like to express an opinion about tariff, or the elections, or the buzzard dollar, or popular education, or something of that kind; and then, of course, Eve wants to hear everything about the fashions. I wish there was some way for a ghost to save a little money so that I could subscribe for a fashion journal or two, just to quiet her. Do you know of anything I could get at?"

"How would it do to make an engagement at the theatre to appear as the ghost of Hamlet's father, or as the ghost of Banquo?"

"It doesn't strike me very favorably. It might be considered rather undignified in the father of the race to be hanging around among scene-shifters and fiddlers. Besides they have too much light on the stage for me; I can't get into shape unless there is absolute darkness. And then, you know, I'd be exposed to insult. When we hear a cock crow we are obliged to flit. Now suppose right in the midst of the performance some miserable boy should crow. Even if I knew it was a false alarm, I would be so unnerved that I couldn't go on; but most likely I'd vanish as soon as I heard it just from force of habit. No, the proposition doesn't strike me. Seems unfair though, doesn't it, that a man who once owned the entire earth can't call a dollar his own?"

"If a small loan would be of service to you, I would gladly—" said the reporter.

"You're mighty kind; but here, you see, we encounter another difficulty. Where'm I going to put a dollar when I get it? I haven't a pocket about me that'll hold a cent! Young man, a ghost has no chance at all. Keep out of the business as long as you can."

The reporter said he would.

"And now I must really be going. The sun rises so disgustingly early this time of year. I think I shall go around to-morrow night and haunt Johnson, if I can find him. If you should happen to see him I wish you'd mention it to him so as to prepare his mind. People are always scarry at first with us. Perfect nonsense, too! What a fool a man must be to be afraid of a little carbonic acid gas and moisture! That is all I am. Put out your hand and feel me! Don't you see; you can stir all around inside of me just as if I wasn't there."

"Wonderful!" said the reporter, "very wonderful. I never believed in ghosts before. The oddest thing is that you who lived so long ago, should take an interest in modern politics."

"But I do, though," said the specter.

"Perhaps you would be willing to tell me if you are in favor of Hancock or Gar——"

Just at this juncture, the reporter said, a cock crew in the yard below, and the ghost of Adam suddenly vanished. It was most unfortunate, too, for his political opinions would have been interesting.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK PAST

THE REPUBLICAN MEETING.

THE HON. PHINEAS JONES PRESENT AND ADDRESSES BY THE HON. JOS. COULT OF NEWARK AND THE HON. EDWARD FITCH, OF NEW YORK.

The attendance at the Republican mass-meeting on Tuesday night did not compare favorably with that of the first meeting. Hardly more than a half of the audience was composed of Bloomfield residents, the remainder of those filling the house being the various companies of campaign organizations from the vicinity. It is probable that Bloomfield citizens have decided to vote for Garfield and don't wish to waste any more time on that question.

The exercises were opened with a rendering of "Hail Columbia" by the Colored Cornet Band, which was very creditably given. Mr. Jas. C. Beach, who presided, then introduced the Hon. Phineas Jones, the Republican nominee for Congress. Mr. Jones, who was received with hearty applause, expressed his great pleasure in meeting his friends in Bloomfield and his gratitude for the kindly reception they gave him. He said that, in the event of his election, he should do his best in Congress for his constituency without regard to party or other considerations.

At the conclusion of Mr. Jones' address, the band played "The Red, White and Blue," and the Hon. Joseph Coult, of Newark, was then introduced. Mr. Coult's address was a rehearsal of the oft-repeated arguments in favor of the Republican party, very forcibly put at many points. The speaker was interrupted by frequent applause and a number of humorous allusions were greatly enjoyed by the audience. After another piece by the band the meeting was brought to a close with an address by the Hon. Edward Fitch of New York.

At the conclusion of the meeting the companies of Boys in Blue marched to Watsessing where they were treated to sandwiches and coffee by the Watsessing Legion.

A NEARLY FATAL PISTOL-SHOT.

A DRUNKEN QUARREL IN A BLOOMFIELD AVENUE HORSE-CAR RESULTING IN FIRING A BALL THROUGH A NEGRO'S COAT-SLEEVE—ESCAPE OF THE CULPRIT.

A shooting affray occurred on Sunday night last on the last car up from Newark of the Bloomfield avenue line, just as it reached the Newark Quarry, which, although no one was seriously hurt, might have resulted fatally. Joseph Keppler, Edward Foster, John Mead and a number of other Bloomfielders were in the car. Keppler, it is stated, being somewhat under the influence of liquor, began an altercation with Foster, who is a barber in the employ of Mr. Gus Ehring, and pulled his hat off several times. Foster retaliated by striking Keppler in the face several times. John Mead, a colored man well known in Bloomfield, interfered he says, to stop the row, when the barber drew a pistol and said he would shoot Mead if he did not keep away, and, suiting the action to the word, fired at him before he could be disarmed. The ball passed through the colored man's coat-sleeve, near the elbow, and flattened itself against the wood-work of the car. At the time of the shooting Mead was in the forward part of the car and Foster at the rear. The passengers immediately called "police," but Foster jumped off the car and made good his escape. He has not been found yet, although the authorities are on the lookout for him in New York where he hails from. Keppler has been arrested and placed under $500 bonds as one of the principals in the row. There were

BLOOMFIELD BATTALION AT ORANGE.

2,500 IN THE PARADE—A RATHER WEARY MARCH BUT ENDED WITH SANDWICHES AND COFFEE.

The Bloomfield Battalion, having received an invitation to parade in Orange on Thursday night, proceeded there on that evening and arrived just in time to take their position in the line and march off without delay. There were about 2,500 in the parade, all the surrounding villages being well represented, and the streets and sidewalks were thronged with men and women to see the procession. The line of march was the longest in which the Bloomfield Battalion has ever attempted or ever wishes to march. The Bloomfield companies formed at the Centre at about half-past seven in the evening and marched to Watsessing were they met the Watsessing company and then marched steadily until about one o'clock in the morning, covering a distance of about 15 miles and arriving home about two o'clock, foot-sore and weary. After the parade was dismissed the Bloomfield Battalion were the guests of the Lincoln Guards of Orange, who furnished them with a lunch consisting of sandwiches and coffee to which the hungry marchers did ample justice.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

The anniversary of the German Church Sunday School, which was celebrated last Sunday afternoon, proved to be a very enjoyable affair. The exercises were conducted by the worthy superintendent, Mr. Wm. Baesler. Rev. Mr. Enslin, the pastor of the church, offered the opening prayer. Mr. Jacob Kaiser, of Montclair, delivered a congratulatory address to the school in behalf of their Montclair Mission School. Then followed a recitation by a member of the Sunday School. After the singing of several songs by the school stirring addresses were made by the Rev. Mr. Marquardt, of Newark, and the Rev. Mr. Voss, a former student of the Bloomfield Theological Seminary. The latter gave a very interesting account of his travels in Russia and of the condition of the Greek church there. The treasurer of the school, Mr. Gekle, then gave his account of the receipts and disbursements of the past year. The exercises were interspersed with some good singing by a quartette, consisting of members of the school. The church was profusely decorated with flowers and greens.

MABEL ASSOCIATION OFFICERS.

The annual election for officers and directors of the Mabel Association was held on Monday evening last, resulting as follows: Stan Farrand, president; Willard Richards, vice-president; J. H. Moore, secretary; L. S. Lee, financial secretary; H. E. Richards, treasurer. Directors: Willard Richards, Stan Farrand, L. S. Lee, W. H. Bartholomew, L. Sherwood, C. H. Bailey, Robert Robly, L. Richards, F. O. Pierson, Geo. Zabriskie, H. E. Richards, J. H. Moore.

One of the most interesting pieces of reading in THE RECORD this week will be the programme of the German theological students' concert. A selection has been made of music of refinement, which cannot fail to please as well as edify those who shall listen to it. The object of the concert is the payment of a debt on the seminary piano, and those who appreciate how dear a possession any musical instrument is to the German heart will join sympathetically in this effort of the students to make themselves the full owners of their much-prized property.

OPENING THE GROUNDS.

THE SCENE OF THE ATHLETIC CLUB'S FUTURE CONTESTS TO BE DULY HONORED TO-DAY—PROGRAMME OF THE INAUGURAL EXERCISES.

The grounds of the Bloomfield Athletic Club, on Liberty street, will be formally opened this afternoon. Extensive preparations have been made by the club to make the occasion as enjoyable as possible, and it will, no doubt, be one of unusual interest. The Bloomfield Cornet Band will be present and will render some of its excellent music. Very tasteful silver medals have been designed for the occasion, and will be awarded to the winning athletes. The following is a copy of the programme:

100 yards run—1st and 2d in final. First heat: F. B. Biddulph, J. Lawrence, L. K. Dodd. Second heat: J. Zabriskie, T. W. Langstroth, Jr., J. W. Spalding.

Putting the shot:—J. W. Spalding, J. Dalrymple, A. R. Pierson.

Throwing the base-ball:—J. W. Spalding, T. W. Langstroth, Jr., T. H. Johnson, Jr., A. R. Pierson.

Music.

Hurdle race—1st and 2d in final. First heat: T. W. Langstroth, Jr., W. Apgar, J. Dalrymple. Second heat: J. Lawrence, J. Zabriskie, J. W. Spalding.

Throwing the hammer:—J. W. Spalding, A. J. Hague, A. R. Pierson.

Music.

Quarter-mile run:—T. W. Langstroth, Jr., F. B. Biddulph, G. W. Reford, L. K. Dodd.

Running long jump:—W. Apgar, T. W. Langstroth, Jr., J. W. Spalding, A. R. Pierson.

Music.

Final heat, 100 yards run.

Final heat, hurdle race.

Tug of War (limit, 5 minutes).

Reception Committee:—G. W. Cook, L. R. Barrett, W. B. Chambers, J. N. Jarvie, John Chambers.

Field Officers:—Referee: R. L. Newton, N. Y. A. C. Judges: H. H. Biddulph, M. A. C., W. R. Smith. Time-keepers: F. Eveland, B. A. C., C. D. M. Peele, B. A. C. Scorer: E. Oakes, B. A. C. Track-master: O. C. Dodd, B. A. C.

The following are the officers of the club: Captain, A. R. Pierson; First Lieutenant, E. A. Raynor; Second Lieutenant, F. B. Biddulph.

INTERESTING ORDINATION SERVICES.

THE REV. H. B. FRISSELL TO GO TO HAMPTON, VA., TO ASSIST IN THE EDUCATION OF THE BLACKS AND INDIANS OF THE SOUTH.

The Rev. H. B. Frissell, son of the Rev. A. C. Frissell, of Bloomfield, will be ordained in the First Presbyterian Church on Wednesday evening next. The Rev. Duncan Kennedy, D. D., Moderator of the Presbytery of Newark, will preside and will put the constitutional questions. The sermon will be preached by the Rev. Dr. Craven and the Rev. A. C. Frissell will give the charge. The Rev. H. W. Ballantine will offer the ordaining prayer. A quarter to eight o'clock is the time fixed for beginning the services.

Mr. Frissell, the subject of the ordination, graduated at Yale College in 1874. He then engaged in teaching for two years when he entered the Union Theological Seminary in New York City. He graduated at this institution in May, 1879, and immediately afterwards became associate pastor with the Rev. Charles S. Robinson, D. D., of the Memorial Presbyterian Church of New York City. This position he has held up to the present time.

Mr. Frissell now asks ordination that he may labor as chaplain at the Normal School for the education of teachers to instruct the children and youth of African and Indian families in is under the superintendence of Gen. Armstrong and is regarded with much interest throughout the country. The students are either Africans or Indians. President Hayes and Secretary Schurz were present at its opening exercises last spring.

LECTURE ON THE SIEGE OF STRASBOURG.

Under the auspices of the Young Men's Union of the German Church, the Rev. J. P. Schnatz, of Brooklyn, N. Y., will deliver a lecture on Thursday evening, the 14 inst., at the church lecture-room on the "Siege of Strasbourg." Rev. Mr. Schnatz was a resident of Strasburg during the Franco-German war and therefore knows all about the subject of his lecture by experience, and will no doubt do it full justice. There is no charge of admission to the lectures given under the auspices of this society.

The trial of Mr. James A. Hedden has been postponed till the 9th of November next.

The new bell of the Baptist Church was hung on Wednesday afternoon last and will ring to-morrow.

At the Greenback Convention held in Newark on the 4th instant, Mr. T. P. Hewitt, of Bloomfield, was elected as a candidate for Road Board Commissioner.

THE NEWS IN FRANKLIN.

On the 16th inst. the Republicans of Franklin propose to have a mammoth meeting, in the afternoon and evening. Extensive preparations are being matured for it. In order that the weather may not prove a barrier to the meeting a mammoth tent from New York city has been engaged for the season.

Wednesday evening a brilliant and most enjoyable sociable was held at the M. E. Church parsonage. The evening was most happily spent in singing, playing, etc. Refreshments were served and the hearts of the many guests were joyously gratified. In the midst of the festivities none seemed more happy than the beloved pastor, Rev. Mr. Winans, and his pleasant wife. The sociable closed about half-past eleven o'clock, all present feeling that the occasion was the initiative of many pleasant ones to follow during the long fall and winter evenings.

Saturday the 22nd inst. the scholars of Districts No. 4 and 5 of this place design to make their regular excursion to the American Institute, N. Y. City. All patrons of the schools are most cordially invited to accompany them. The round trip including horse-car fare and entrance to the Institute, will be 55 or 60 cents each. As the excursion is undoubtedly cheap and the benefits therefrom correspondingly great, it is hoped many will avail themselves of the opportunity.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Bloomfield, N. J., on WEDNESDAY, Oct. 6, 1880:

Ackerman, G.	Kuterkamp, William
Baker, John	Lewis, Mrs. S. A.
Davis, Mrs. Walter	Leadbeater, Mr.
Doremus, Mrs. Juley	Moynehan, Kate
Glennon, Daniel	Mack, Louisa
Gottschalk, Friedriche	Nulty, James
Hatton, Peter	Pierson, C. G.
Hermann, John	Ritner, Mrs. Julia
Huff, Mrs. L. J.	Smith, Isaac
	Walker, Laura

Any person calling for the above will please ask for "advertised" letters. H. DODD, P. M.

INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE.

THE TOWNSHIP COMMITTEE CONSIDERING THEM.

SUPERIORITY OF GAS FOR LIGHTING THE STREETS TO OIL—THE GAS CONTRACT RENEWED ON THE SAME TERMS AS LAST YEAR—BLOOMFIELD'S CARE OF ITS POOR—MINOR ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The regular monthly meeting of the Bloomfield Township Committee took place at the Committee-room in Library Hall on Wednesday evening last. There was present a full attendance of the members. Mr. Farrand, chairman of the Board, presided.

The reports of committees were first called for and an expenditure of $2,100 thus far was announced by the Road Committee. The Committee on Sidewalks stated that a list of the owners of unsafe sidewalks had been prepared by them and these were then read. The Clerk was instructed to send notifications to the delinquent residents, requesting them to repair the walks.

The Committee on Gas reported that an offer had been made by the Gas Company to renew for one year on the same terms the contract of last year and this the Committee did not regard, in view of the increased cost of coal and labor, as in any way unsatisfactory. A short discussion here arose as to the comparative advantages of oil and gas. Mr. Cockefair stated that in East Orange, where the oil was used, it was liked just as well as gas and that a large majority of the citizens, at a meeting in that place, voted in favor of it. Mr. Sherman, on the other hand, said that he had passed through East Orange and had seen a great many broken chimneys, a great many smoky chimneys and a great many smoky lamps. Mr. Oakes inquired what the expense of the oil lamps was and it was stated by Mr. Cockefair to be $14 per lamp a year. A comparison of this amount with the expense of the Bloomfield lamps, $15.25 (236 lamps at $3,600) showed that, everything considered, very little would be saved by a change. Mr. Oakes raised the question whether the Committee had a right to make a contract beyond their term of office and this point being settled by an amendment making the renewal of the contract conditional upon the approval of the Committee's counsel, the motion to renew the contract on the same terms as last year, $3,600, was passed.

The following bills were then presented on the Poor Account and ordered paid:

Wm. J. Madison,	$54.47
Wm. Colfax,	141.21
Baker & Hubbell,	30.66
J. W. Baldwin & Bros.,	183.12
J. P. Scherff,	76.16
T. E. Hayes,	1.00
Albert Morris,	9.00

The Overseer of the Poor was instructed to distribute the wood of the worn-out sidewalks to those needing it.

A bill of the Library Hall Association for one year's use of the Committee room, $100, was ordered paid.

Permission was granted to the Bloomfield Athletic Club to use the town flag at the opening of their grounds to-day.

The Board then adjourned to meet on Wednesday evening, October 20th.

PUBLISHER OF "INNOCENTS ABROAD."

The following is an editorial note reprinted from the *New York Times* of Monday morning last:

Elisha Bliss, Jr., President of the American Publishing Company, Hartford, who died there a few days ago, was the first publisher that gave favorable consideration to Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad." Notwithstanding the rollicking satire, the laughter-provoking character, and the obviously popular element of the "Innocents," its author had the greatest difficulty in getting it before the public. He had gained considerable reputation as a humorist by his little volume containing the "Jumping Frog," and other sketches, before setting out on his travels in the *Quaker City,* and after he had returned and prepared his copy, he had, naturally, very little doubt of its prompt acceptance. He was doomed to bitter and continued disappointment. He offered the manuscript to one publisher after another in this city, but not one would take the risk of putting it forth in book form. Then he sent it to Boston, with the same result, and finally to Philadelphia, only to be again rebuffed. By this time he was, as may be inferred, in no very amiable mood. He confessed that his literary vanity had been sorely wounded, and he was so dissatisfied with his work that he was ready to throw it into the fire. Having offered it to the leading publishers in three of the principal cities of the Union to no purpose, it was not strange that he should feel troubled and hurt. While in this irritated, self-disgusted mood, he met the late Albert D. Richardson, to whom he handed the manuscript, to see if it was so irredeemably bad. Richardson pronounced it very clever, full of the extravagant drollery which the American people relish, and expressed his astonishment that any publisher of intelligence and experience should have declined it. "You cannot be any more astonished than I am," remarked Clemens dryly. "These publishers have astonished as much conceit out of me as a long siege of seasickness." Richardson, who had published several books through the American Company, said that he was going to Hartford, that he would take the manuscript with him, and that he was sure the company would be glad to take it. He put it into the hands of Bliss, then secretary, who was immensely pleased with it. But some of the other officers and the directors were averse, and made so many objections that he finally declared that he would publish it on his own personal account. They came round when they saw that he was entirely in earnest, and afterward pretended that they favored the book from the start. The extraordinary success of the "Innocents Abroad" is well-known. The sale to date, including pirated editions, is said to have reached fully 200,000 copies. The American Company probably cleared from $60,000 to $70,000 by its publication. It seems very singular now that so many sagacious publishers could have thought that such a book would not prove remunerative.

SOLILOQUY OF A JILTED MAN.

"Tried and found wanting"—it is ever so.
 We think to find the higher nature there,
 When youth is sunshine, and the thought of care
Is but a foolish prophecy of woe.
We love the woman then; and sweet and low
 Sound all her murmurs in the evening air,
 All love and passion first, then blank despair
To find the heart untouched: 'tis ever so.
Nay, nay, old friend, thy welcome grows not cold;
 Stern Life can shiver, but it cannot move
The heart of steel: thy constancy of old,
 Fixed like a steady star, remote, above,
Shines clear through shrouding gray; long since I hold
 Man's friendship dearer than all women's love.
 —*London World.*

Diner (sniffing)—"Waiter, I really think this fish is not fresh!" Waiter—"Yessir, can't answer for that, sir; Hi've honly been 'ere a week, sir."—*London Punch.*

RECORD OF THE THERMOMETER.

Following is the record kept at Marsh's Pharmacy for the past week:

	7 A.M.	12 M.	3 P.M.	6 P.M.
Saturday, Oct. 2	50°	66°	64°	60°
Sunday	60	66	60	62
Monday	62	76	79	76
Tuesday	54	58	63	56
Wednesday	56	71	70	54
Thursday	49	66	66	65
Friday	48	64	64	54

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Fremont street, corner Franklin street.—Rev. Duncan Kennedy, D. D., Pastor. Sabbath services, 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M.; Sunday-school, 12 noon. Weekly prayer meetings at 7½ o'clock each Thursday evening, in Chapel parlor.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Rev. W. L. Hoagland, pastor. Sunday services: Preaching 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Sunday-school, 2½ P. M. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:45. Class meetings Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7:45.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. H. W. Ballantine, Pastor. Public worship on the Sabbath at 10:30 A. M. and 7 30 P. M. Sunday-school at 12 M. Sunday-school prayer meeting, Sabbath, at 7 P. M. Weekly prayer meeting, Thursday at 7:45 P. M.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Ezra D. Simons, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M.; Sunday-school, 12 M. The Lord's Supper on the first Sabbath of each month, close of morning service. Meetings for prayer, praise and exposition of the Word of God, Tuesday and Thursday at 7:45 P. M. Gospel temperance meeting Saturday evening at 7:30 o'clock. All are cordially invited.

CHRIST CHURCH (EPISCOPAL).—Liberty street; W. G. Farrington, D. D., Rector. Morning service 10½ o'clock; evening service, 7½; Sunday School, 3.

HIGGINS' GERMAN LAUNDRY SOAP

Is perfectly pure, being made of carefully selected stock, and is therefore the cheapest. Ask your grocer for it, and see that you get only the genuine article. A trial will convince you of its merits.

WANTED.

A Protestant girl for general house-work—German preferred.

Mrs. GEORGE EARL,
Corner Spruce & Liberty Streets.

The Bloomfield Savings Institution has money to loan on Bond and Mortgage at six per cent.

T. C. DODD, Treasurer.

FOR RENT.

BLOOMFIELD FLOURING MILLS.

H. B. SHEARS & Co., having rented the above property of J. W. Potter for a term of three years—for the purpose of re-milling middlings—are desirous of moving the machinery they put up for this purpose to Chicago, and will sub-let said mill to responsible parties, for balance of term. They will also sell two teams of horses with heavy spring delivery wagons, harness, etc., together or single.

Call at the mill for particulars.

THE GRAND

Vocal and Instrumental CONCERT

GIVEN BY THE STUDENTS OF THE

WILL TAKE PLACE AT

LIBRARY HALL

ON FRIDAY, OCT. 15, 1880,

AT 8 O'CLOCK, SHARP.

TICKETS, 50 CENTS; RESERVED SEATS, 25 Cents Extra. Tickets may be procured at Scherff's Drug Store.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. OVERTURE—Die vier Haimonskinder........*Balfe*
   Orchestra.
2. PIANO DUETT—Marche Militaire........*Schubert*
   Messrs. Chas. Klein and Fred Erhardt.
3. SOPRANO SOLO—La Desiree. *Salvatore de Marchesi*
   Miss M. A. Weaver.
4. PIANO SOLO—Fantaisie Impromptu.....*Chopin*
   Mr. Chas. F. A. Klein.
5. MALE QUARTETTE—Vocal March........*Schaefer*
   "Euphonia" Quartette: Messrs. W. Feuerherm, C. Baumann, H. Koester, and C. F. Baumann.
6. VIOLIN SOLO*—5th Air Varie.......*Ch. de Beriot*
   Prof. Otto Geitner.

PART II.

1. OVERTURE—"Zampa"....................*Herold*
   Orchestra.
2. PIANO SOLO*—Piano Concerto......*Mendelssohn*
   Mr. Chas. F. A. Klein.
3. SOPRANO SOLO*—"How Nearly I was Sleeping," ("Freischutz")....................*Weber*
   Miss M. A. Weaver.
4. CONCERTO FOR TWO VIOLINS*—Concert Variations ....*L. Maurer*
   Profs. L. Appell and Otto Geitner.
5. MALE QUARTETTE—Fruehling.........*Franz Abt*
   "Euphonia" Quartette.
6. POTPOURRI—Magic Sounds...........*Franz Liszt*
   Orchestra.

* With orchestra accompaniment.

THE

Bloomfield Savings Institution.

All sums deposited on or before October 1st, 1880, will bear interest from that date.

T. C. DODD, Treasurer.

AGENTS WANTED

To take subscriptions for the

INTERNATIONAL REVIEW.

The largest and best American publication, of the highest class, with original contributions from the most celebrated writers in every country. Edited by J. T. Morse, Jr., and Henry Cabot Lodge, gentlemen of the highest attainments and culture, and whose names are alone sufficient guaranty of the value of the Review.

Always bright, readable and instructive; cosmopolitan in literature, progressive in science, unsectarian in religion, and independent in politics.

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A. S. BARNES & CO., Publishers,
111 & 113 William St., New York

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BLOOMFIELD RECORD OFFICE.

Fine Stationery.

Novelties in Papetries.

AT MARSH'S PHARMACY.

Octavo and Commercial Note.—Fools Cap and Legal Cap.—Crane's Fine Octavo, four tints.—Imperial Quadrille.—Papetries, all prices and qualities.—Card Paper—Mourning Paper—Envelopes, all kinds—Pens, Ink and Ink Wells.

NOTICE.

The undersigned, having suddenly been taken ill immediately after removing to Bloomfield avenue, brick building, and before even having sufficient time to suspend his familiar sign to mark his place of business, now takes this method of informing his patrons and friends that he hopes by God's help within a few weeks to be enabled to continue his business as heretofore.

R. WALKER.

I. E. LYON & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Fancy Goods

633 BROAD ST.,

Cor. New St., NEWARK, N. J.

LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS	Gents' pure Linen, at 12, 15, 18, 20, and 25c. Ladies' Hemmed and Hemstitched at all prices. Our 25c quality is superior quality much under regular price.
GENTS' UNLAUNDERED SHIRTS	Are all of excellent shape and finish. Our 75c quality is made of Wamsutta muslin and very fine linen front.
KNIT UNDERWEAR.	Have recently received many of grades for Fall and Winter wear. Have sold since Aug 1st over 150 doz. wholesale.
HAMBURG EMBROIDERY.	Have received another invoice of those cheap patterns, from 5 to 10c a yard

BOSCH'S,

92 Park Place, Newark, N. J.

(Corner above Centre Market.)

LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF TEA AND COFFEE IN NEWARK.

(All Goods Sold at New York Prices.)

Take no presents with your tea and coffee, but go direct to Bosch's. We do not deceive you with a present and charge 50 and 60 cents for 30 and 40 cent tea. One trial will convince of the imposition practiced by dealers giving you presents.

We would call attention to the following:

OOLONG TEA.—We have just received a large invoice of good Tea, 25 and 30 cents per pound (sold elsewhere at 40 and 50 cents); a fine Formosa, for 40 cents; extra choice, full, rich flavor at

JAPAN TEA, also.—A fine assortment, 30, 40 and 50 cents per pound up. Our rose flavored Japan is of a young Spring leaf, first picking and of the latest arrival.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA.—Our new Congou Teas cannot be surpassed. They are of that full, rich draw and always uniform in flavor. From 30 cents per pound up.

YOUNG HYSON (GREEN).—Our Moyune Teas are too well known to need further recommendation.

IMPERIAL GUNPOWDER.—First picking, Spring leaf, garden growth, at $1.00 per pound, is the finest we have sold in years. Everybody fond of a fine green tea should try it.

COFFEES! COFFEES!

Either pure or prepared. Always fresh roasted, and ground if desired.

Bosch's Celebrated Compressed

COFFEE,

Highly recommended from Bosch's Tea Warehouse.

92 PARK PLACE, COR. NORTH CANAL STREET
G. H. & J. H. Bosch. Newark, N. J.

This article is ground immediately after roasting and while in a warm state, secured in packages impervious to air. It is thus preserved uninjured by the atmosphere, and, for a long period, retains unimpaired its full aromatic freshness of flavor.

NEW YORK & GREENWOOD LAKE R. R.

Chambers and 23rd Street Ferries New York.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Leave Upper Montclair—5 58, 7 02, 7 41, 8 14, 8 55, 10 02, A.M. 1 41, 4 55, 5 55, P.M.

Leave Montclair—5 57, 7 05, 7 45, 8 19, 9 00, 10 07, A.M. 1 45, 4 59, 6 00, P.M.

Leave Bloomfield—6 01, 7 13, 7 50, 8 24 9 05, 10 10, A.M. 1 50, 5 03, 6 05, P.M.

Arrive at New York—6 40, 7 50, 8 28, 9 00, 9 40, 10 50, A.M. 2 22, 5 50, 6 50, P.M.

Sunday Train from Bloomfield at 8 00, A.M.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Leave New York—6 30, 7 [illegible], 8 [illegible], A.M. 12 10, 3 40, 4 40, 5 40, 6 20, 7 45, P.M.

Arrive at Bloomfield—7 23, 8 38, 9 14, A.M. 12 52, 4 22, 5 16, 6 18, 7 00, 8 28, P.M.

Arrive at Montclair—7 28, 8 46, 9 18, A.M. 12 57, 4 27, 5 20, 6 23, 7 04, 8 34, P.M.

Arrive at Upper Montclair—7 32, 8 48, 9 22, A.M., 1 02 4 31, 5 24, 6 27, 7 08, 8 38, P.M.

Sunday Trains from New York, 12 midnight on Saturday, 8 45, A.M. and 6 45, P.M.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—In Chancery of New Jersey.—Between Vesder G. Thomas, Executor, etc., complainant, and George H. Seymour, et ux., et al., defendants. Fi. fa., for sale of mortgaged premises.

By virtue of the above stated writ of fieri facias, to me directed, I shall expose for sale by public vendue, at the Court House, in Newark, on Tuesday, the ninth day of November next, at two o'clock, P. M., all that tract or parcel of land and premises, situate, lying and being in the township of Bloomfield, Essex County, New Jersey:

Commencing at a point in the easterly side line of Myrtle avenue, which point is distant four hundred and sixty feet and five inches on a course north forty-five degrees east from the centre of Bay avenue; thence along said Myrtle avenue north forty-five degrees east one hundred and fifty feet; thence south forty-eight degrees and thirty minutes east one hundred and twenty feet; thence south forty-five degrees west one hundred and fifty feet to Chapel street; thence along said Chapel street north forty-eight degrees and thirty minutes west one hundred and twenty feet to the place of beginning, containing and comprising lots one (1), two (2), three (3) in block two (2) of lands of Mary C. Thomas (deceased) and Daniel R. Thomas, as surveyed and established by Joseph M. Ritner, Engineer.

Newark, N. J., September 6, 1880.

S. V. C. VAN RENSSELAER, Sheriff.

GUILD & LUM, Sol'rs.

ESSEX COUNTY, Surrogate's Office—August 7, 1880—Frederick H. Gibbens, executor of Amelia C. Connelly, dec'd.—Surrogate's order to limit creditors.

On application of the above named executor it is ordered that said executor give public notice to the creditors of the said decedent, to bring in their debts, demands or claims against the same, under oath, within nine months from this date, by setting up a copy of this order, within twenty days hereafter, in five of the most public places in the County of Essex, for two months, and also, within the said twenty days, by advertising the same in the Bloomfield Record for the same space of time, and if any creditor shall neglect to exhibit his or her debt, demand or claim, within the said period of nine months, public notice being given as aforesaid, such creditor shall be forever barred of his or her action therefor against the said executor. Present claims to C. N. Bovee, Jr., Bloomfield, N. J. By

C. MEYER ZULICK, Surrogate.

MAN NOT INDEPENDENT.

THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF HIS ACTING BY HIMSELF ALONE.

DEPENDENT UPON NATURE, UPON HIS FELLOW-MEN, AND UPON THE CREATOR FOR HIS EXISTENCE AND WELFARE—THE NECESSITY OF DIVINE ASSISTANCE FOR TRUE SUCCESS—SERMON BY THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Only God can stand alone unhelped: only God can find in himself all inspiration, motive, impulse, borrowing nothing from without, and giving out from within whatever there is in the heavens, the earth, or the universe. Man cannot stand alone; he is made to lean. The circuit in which he creates is very small. The circuit in which he is a recipient is very large. If you were to divest him of all that which comes to him and plays upon and within him, and leave only that which is, like God, independent and creative, so little would be left that he would wholly lose his indentity. In regard to his lowest capacities, his bodily life, he cannot exist or act except under the influence of physical laws separate from himself. The eye cannot act in and of itself; there must be the medium of light or it is as if it were not. The ear creates no sound, but only drinks in that which is exterior to itself. The lip cannot procure food, nor can the palate create taste; but they can recognize those things when they exist outside or independent as them. They can act, but they cannot create. The hand that is so fertile in skill and so productive in industry after all is a barren hand. It cannot create stone nor iron nor any of the materials that it uses; nor can it create the laws under which it is able to subdue materials to ten thousand uses. The hand itself is helped by a multitude of invisible hands in the great laws of nature. Light, heat and food, the universal conditions of existence, were before men, and would exist if men were exterminated. Without them man could not be. But they can be without man. Although the maintenance of life involves thought and experience, yet no thought, no experience, no skill and no shrewdness could maintain life independent of these fixed conditions which inhere in nature. We live and move and have our being in God, in the exercise of his power and under his creative conditions. The daily upholding by a might foreign to us shows how helpless man would be in and of himself. Every element might rise up and repeat the words of the Master: "Without me ye can do nothing." The sea might say: "Without me ye can do nothing;" the clouds might echo back again: "Without me ye can do nothing;" the soil might say: "Without me ye can do nothing;" the winter and the summer, the stone and the iron, the birds that fly, the fish that swim, the beasts of the field, all things might say to man: "Without me ye can do nothing." Man is the universal recipient, mendicant, pauper, beneficiary.

And yet, do we not live assuming that it is by our skill and by our power that we control the seasons in some measure? Yes, but, after all, the fundamental and underlying conditions of all skill and power are foreign to us. They belong to God; to his providence; to the divine nature. Arrogance and conceit lead men to claim for themselves great merit; but when you have taken away all auxiliaries and all things upon which in any wise depend our foresight and our industry, the sum of that which is left to any one appears exceedingly small.

If we rise a step higher, and look upon men not as physical beings, maintaining physical life by the use of physical law, but as physical beings interwoven with each other, they are so related to one another that no man can separate himself from his fellows. A man absolutely separated from his fellow-men is dead, to all intents and purposes, ere long, unless from memory and imagination he creates scenes in which his fellow-men, as shadowy actors, come to him. If a man were isolated from his fellows the greater part of his mind could not act. There might be some vague intellectual action; but for the most part the play of man's nature implies acting on and receiving action from our fellow-men.

A man, in the first place, is what generations have made him to be. Every man is a memorial of history. As yet we cannot trace those subtle relations which ally us to our industries, neither can we tell, in changing generations, what element has been cast in by this hand, and what by that; but in general we know that we are the sum of the things that have flowed down the stream for hundreds of years. We are what we are, to be sure, by the grace of God; but also we are what we are by the grace of all those that for hundreds of years back have lived under God's government and providence. We are the outlet of streams that have flowed down from the mountains of past times. Man is the product of industrial influences under the guidance of a divine power that is perpetually forming and creating. All men's ideas, their knowledge, and their habits, have come down to them through the medium of their fellows. It was man's life that instructed them. It was the father's hand that fashioned them. It was the young companions around about them that, in some respects, nurtured their early life. They entered into society to find ten thousand things known. To each generation the past is an encyclopedia; and men open volume after volume, and leaf after leaf, to find out things that have already been found out. Every man feeds upon the laid-up knowledge of others. The paths for his feet others found, and the work for his hand others determined, before he was born. What is right and what is wrong he could not tell; but the experience of ten thousand years has told the world, and he stands on that experience. His moral sense reports an emotion or sensation upon the discovery of what is right or what is wrong; but his relations to his fellow-men have determined the conditions that are virtuous or that are vicious. The impulses that stir in him like or dislike, joy or sorrow, love or hatred, jealousy or admiration, all spring from the existence around him of his fellow-men. We do not create these things. Our soul lies open like an Æolian harp, and the flash of the winds awakens its joy. The wind could not impart music but for the wire,